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Let Motor Trucks Do Short Haul, Railroads the Long Haul

A Short Haul Embargo Suggestion Respectfully Submitted.

The wise gentlemen in charge of the railroad situation are doing their best and having hard work.

Why not let motor trucks do the short hauling, wherever roads are passable, and let railroads concentrate on the long hauling?

It is the short haul that bothers the railroads.

A long train of freight cars must stop frequently, lose time and block the tracks, dropping one or two cars here and there, to meet the short-haul demand.

As these cars are stopped, traffic is congested, part of the power of the locomotive and of the value of the crew is wasted, as the locomotive and crew with each car dropped are doing less than they might be doing.

Let a committee of railroad men and business men, with careful consideration of the needs, interests and rights of each, look into the question of a **SHORT HAUL** embargo.

Where the motor truck can do the work, free the railroad to that extent.

The modern truck with a trailer can carry a load almost unbelievable on any fairly good road.

Every ton carried on short haul by a truck means one ton less for railroads to carry.

A short-haul embargo would mean great saving in demurrage, releasing freight cars for use in other ways, preventing use of freight cars for storage during slow unloading.

It is notorious that the small freight shipment, for short hauls, ties up cars, cutting down their value at least 50 per cent.

In hauling by the motor truck there is no demurrage. The load goes from the point of **LOADING** to the point of **DELIVERY**. Every minute is saved, for the trailer can be dropped and the truck can go for another load while the dropped trailer is unloading.

The cost of hauling by motor truck has been steadily reduced and is now very low. Allowing for demurrage and the fact that there is no hauling from the railroad siding to the point of delivery, it is safe to say that for the short haul the motor truck is more economical than the freight train.

The engine used by the modern freight hauling automobile is the highest product of science, surpassing in efficiency and in adaptability the old locomotive.

It is realized by Government and railroads that the latter have not cars enough to carry the freight of the country.

Important industries, built up slowly through long years and of the highest value to the nation, are threatened with destruction because the railroads cannot take care of the Government work and at the same time supply these industries, provide for their incoming and outgoing freight.

There is only one solution—**TO COMPEL** the motor truck to do as much of the nation's freight carrying as possible.

The quick road to this success would be an embargo on the short haul. Let the motor truck take care of freight within twenty-five to fifty miles of big cities, and even longer distances. Let railroads concentrate on the long haul—and thus save the constant stopping of trains and shunting of freight trains, save the use of freight cars as storage warehouses on sidings, unload upon the motor truck the hardest, most expensive short-haul work of the railroads and *in spite of war, railroads and motor trucks combined will do the nation's work and make it unnecessary to hinder, cripple or utterly destroy the national industries.*

These industries will be needed when the war ends, and when the task of this nation will be to substitute for fighting with bullets, fighting with *business brain.*

A "Mere Mother" and the Dog

This Letter, From a Washington Lady, Will Not Interest Those That Put Pet Dogs Ahead of the Health and Safety of Children.

One dog, giving doubtless considerable pleasure to its owner, will frighten a hundred children every day, and keep their mothers in a constant state of anxiety.

That same dog will keep a hundred people awake at night occasionally. Between times, it hunts out filth industriously, collects and spreads disease germs.

Will somebody tell us something **USEFUL** that a dog does in a city?

In discussing the dog question, there are other things as important as the gentleman whose vanity requires the flattery of a dog that licks his feet, or the "lonesomeness" of some woman who, if she chose, might concentrate her affections on a child instead of a dog.

Little attention is paid to the mothers that read with terror of the attacks of dogs upon children.

Here is a letter from a mother in Washington, addressed to the editor of The Times. Such a mother, in our opinion, deserves at least as much consideration as any dog owner:

Washington, D. C., Nov. 23.

To the Editor of The Times.

Dear Sir: As a District mother, I want to thank you for the publicity given by The Washington Times to the case of the little Gartrell boy, attacked and bitten by a vicious hound in Washington the other day, and I would add my word to the controversy on the dog question.

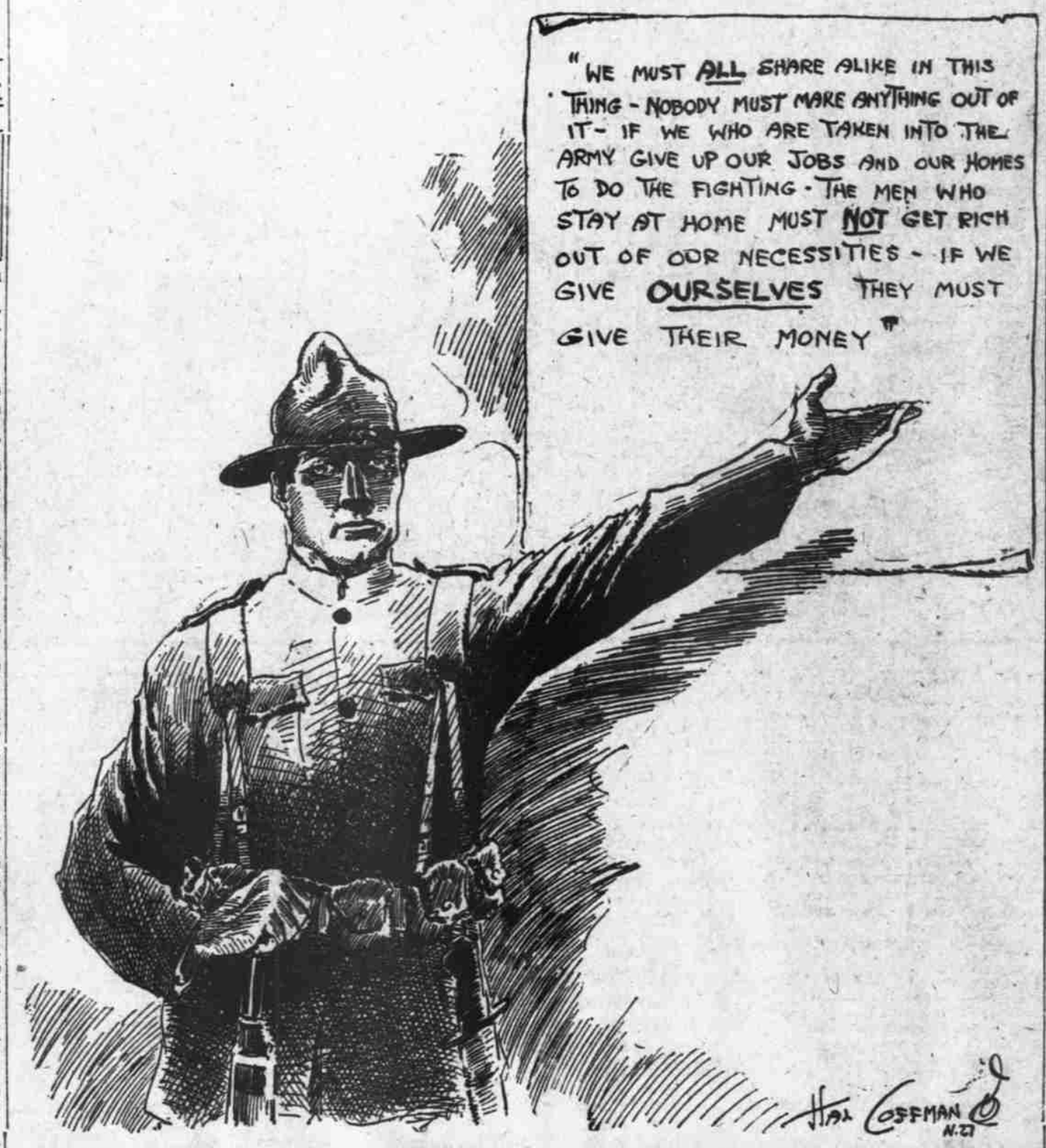
Why there should be any controversy I, as a mere mother of children, and not a "mother" of some pampered animal, cannot comprehend. For, to anyone who has known the love of a child, the life and safety of one child is indeed worth that of all the animals in the whole world put together.

The dangerousness of dogs, it would seem, is but one phase of the subject, but to my mind it is the most serious one. For even the dog question as it touches upon the present food situation, important as that is, is less so than the menace of these beasts toward the safety of our little ones.

Why should such a condition be permitted to exist? Let us all band together in some way to rid the District, the whole country, if possible, of these wild animals that daily endanger the lives of innocent children. Truly yours,

MRS. C. L. LEE.

Equal Terms For All



Elizabeth Jordan Writes on Husbands Dining Out

HE IS dining, of course, with a woman. To be exact, she is dining with him. He is not in the least in love with her, but he likes and admires her. Most of all, he likes to talk to her—especially about himself. She is such a good listener!

He begins with the story of his life. He tells her of his obscure origin, of his first start, of his struggles, his failures, and his successes. He tells of business rivals, of competition, of "deals," and of coups.

The woman has common sense. She listens with absorbed interest—for such stories are among the most fascinating in life. They are the stuff that books are made of, and few books can give us the thrill that lies in the hearing of a good life story, well told—with its lights and shadows, its incidents and action, its conscious and unconscious revelations of character.

Told as this one is told, over a tete-a-tete dinner in a restaurant, where the lights are soft and music is coming from a distance—the effect is all it should be. The woman listens with eyes on the man's face. She is enthralled by the story, and she shows it.

The man's chest swells. He is a fine fellow and he knows that he is. He has made a success—not a spectacular one, perhaps, but a real and lasting one. He is proud of his success and of all that it has brought him.

Then suddenly a feeling of self-pity surges over him. His voice falls to a minor key.

"But with it all I'm not happy," he mutters, sombrely.

Then Hubby Pulls His Dismal Climax.

The woman knows what is coming. It almost always comes at this stage. She sighs—for herself, not for him—and languidly produces her lines in the eternal dialogue. For her the interest of the evening is over.

"Why aren't you happy?" she softly asks. "You ought to be, you know. You deserve to be."

He hesitates. A qualm of conscience troubles him. He recalls his devoted wife and his three fat, happy children—to all of whom he himself is devoted—slumbering peacefully at home.

He crumbles a roll. His impulse is to laugh the thing off. But for this hour he is a play boy in the game of life, and the fascination of the role holds him.

The woman waits. She knows what is coming as well as he does. She knows that it will not even come in a new way.

The roll is a wreck. He plays with the fragments, still hesitating. The waiter, with the bill, approaches delicately and is hastily waved back.

"Well," the man says, at last "you see, it's this way."

He is speaking in low tones, and the words sound forced from him against his will. "My wife"——

Again a vision of the slumbering, faithful spouse at home disturbs him. But the hour is so pleasant! However, perhaps, he can put the confidence in a new way. He raises his head and looks straight at the woman. His words come forth with conviction.

"My wife is one of the best women in the world," he assures her positively and in ringing tones.

She nods. Of course, his wife is one of the best women in the world. She waits. His voice sinks again to the minor key. And now, at last, his conscience soothed by the tribute he has uttered, comes the climax for which they have both been building—The Husband's Stock Remark.

"But she doesn't understand me," he adds, mournfully.

Always the Same Confidence Given. in the Same Way.

The woman murmurs something vague but sympathetic. She is glad it is out, for in a few minutes more she can go home and get a good night's sleep. She needs that sleep. She has an engagement with the dentist for 10 o'clock the next morning—to have a dying nerve killed, and the dentist is a man with an unsympathetic soul.

She takes up her cue with almost too much briskness.

"Oh, she says, "that's very hard, isn't it? Nothing makes up for that!"

He gloomily shakes his head.

"What we all want," he murmurs, "is understanding. That's what every man is seeking in life. And to have it fail him where he most expects to find it——"

"I know." She produces her second sigh. "I suppose she is wholly absorbed in the children," she suggests after a moment's silence. "That is often the case with the maternal type of woman."

For the third time he sees the peaceful tableau of the sleeping wife and the three fat children at home.

"No, it isn't that exactly," he says slowly. "It's just——"

Then, obviously, he pulls himself up. He impersonates a Man, a Struggle and a Victory. She can almost hear him buckling on his armor, ready for the next plunge into life's grim fray. He is not happy, but, at least, he can be brave. His expression shows this.

"But I mustn't bother you with my troubles," he says, cheerfully. "I oughtn't to have mentioned the matter at all. Only—well, I know you will—understand."

He gives her a long look—a patient, uplifted look—which she returns with one of knowledge and sympathy. He signals to the waiter and pays his check, while she joyously draws on her gloves.

She Promises to Forget, and She Does It.

When they reach the door of her home she gives him her hand.

"Thank you for telling me," she says, deeply. He presses the hand.

"And thank you for understanding. But please forget it, too. You know I don't often—I've never before——"

"I know, and indeed, I shall forget," she heartily assures him. And she does forget—in fifteen minutes.

"Thank you. This has been an oasis. Good night."

On the way home in the taxi-cab he smiles to himself in the darkness. Life has its interesting moments, he reflects, and an occasional very mild flirtation braces a man up immensely. Then his mood changes.

Of course it was rather awful to say a thing like that about his wife—bless her loyal and devoted little heart! He hoped he hadn't been misunderstood. But then a man always says more than he means when he is talking to a pretty woman. And his guest had looked so sorry for him!

His bathrobe, his bath, and his slippers are ready for him, as usual, when he reaches home. So is a plate of sandwiches which he leaves untouched. He drops into a big chair before the open fire, yawns, and lights a cigar.

The clock strikes midnight. Simultaneously the door of his room opens and his wife enters. She is wearing a wrapper over her nightgown and she looks singularly young and pretty. Their greeting shows the deep love and understanding of the happily-married pair.

"And what was it tonight, dear?" she asks, affectionately. "Business, or an oasis?"

"An oasis. I took your friend, Mildred Houstan, to dinner."

She smiles.

"I'll trust you with Millie any time," she tells him. "She has so much common sense."

He yawns again.

"Yes, Millie is a nice woman," he says with sincere indifference. "The only trouble with her is that she talks too much!"

Once-Overs — Husband or Wife.

(Copyright, 1917, Inter national News Service.)

As a matter of fact, as a husband or wife, do you not take as a matter of course any little favors which your life partner extends, and at the same time are you not on the alert to discern any little frailties?

When you discover the flaw for which you are looking, do you make any effort to think of some good quality to counterbalance it?

Is it not a fact that you have long since ceased to look for the good and constantly are impressed by that which is annoying and displeasing to you?

What do you gain by this course?

And haven't you a lot to lose by it?

Why darken the horizon of your own happiness by gathering the clouds yourself?

Foolish to do a thing of this sort, isn't it?

As you sit around the reading table tonight, try to think only of the admirable qualities which your husband or wife possesses.

You will find yourself smiling sympathetically and admiringly, nay, even lovingly. Try it.

More About Street Cars

Is the Public Utilities Commission Adequate to Handle the Situation?

By EARL GODWIN.

A certain number of people must be transported from one part of the city to another every morning and every evening. If the present facilities are inadequate there should be found a way to provide further facilities. No excuses can be accepted because more people are coming here for the country's war work all the time, and very soon street car transportation in Washington will be a big war item. It is important and vitally essential that the people engaged in the nation's war business should be able to get to their tasks on time.

People who are outrageously jammed into overcrowded streets cars twice a day wonder whether there is any way to better conditions. They are told that there is a public utilities commission. The subjoined letter is a sample of the queries reaching the writer on the subject of utilities and the utilities commission:

"In view of the chaotic conditions in our street railway service, won't you publish in The Times a statement showing just what authority under the law the Public Utilities Commission has as regards the regulation of the public utilities in the District.

"Two things are clearly evident as regards the relation of the Public Utilities Commission to the street railway situation: (1) Either the law does not give the commission sufficient authority to regulate the street railways, or (2) the commission is not fulfilling its duty.

"This is the kernel of the proposition and all other discussion is beside the point.

"Very truly,

"RALPH HOAGLAND."

1002 Irving street northeast.

Mr. Hoagland undoubtedly has reference to that feature with which he comes in contact daily—the crowded street cars.

Should he read the long and comprehensive public utilities law he would find that the second section provides:

"That every public utility doing business within the District of Columbia is required to furnish service and facilities reasonably safe and adequate and in all respects just and reasonable."

Just at present that paragraph sticks out like a sore thumb.

The Public Utilities Commission is given considerable power, and is also given considerable work to do. The law is a long one, but in general it requires the street car companies, the electric light company, the telephone company and all utilities to give good service at a reasonable rate of pay. There are certain improvements which could be made in the law, but in general the law gives the commission considerable authority.

"The commission shall have power, after hearing, and notice by order in writing, to require and compel every public utility to comply with the provisions of this section."

The first job the commission had was to ascertain the valuation of the street car companies, and then figure a reasonable return on the investment, so as to be able to set the proper fare to be charged to the public. One railroad, the Washington Railway and Electric Co., made it harder than was necessary for the commission to get all the facts. However, this work is about done and the commission is about to announce its conclusions.

As sure as the sun rose this morning, if the valuation set by the commission is low; if the Washington Railway and Electric Co. wants you to believe its watered stock is worth the millions its directors would have you believe it worth, the entire matter will be taken to the courts where many weary months will be spent in wrangling between high priced experts. Already over two hundred thousand dollars of your money has been spent by the commission in getting its facts and it would not be surprising if all this work had to be done over again in court at the same enormous cost.

THIS is an old story. But there are thousands of new residents of Washington who wonder why the National Capital is cursed with so perverse a car system.

The Public Utilities Commission is in reality the District Commissioners, backed by an office force of experts.

It is an open question whether or not Congress made an error in clothing the Commissioners with the powers of a public utilities commission, but inasmuch as it placed added burdens on men already with their hands full, it would seem that an independent commission would have been a better way to handle the street railroads.

But this seems clear:

The railroad situation was not solved by the creation of a commission. The situation grows worse every day. The real answer is Government ownership.

HEARD AND SEEN

And as John F. Morgan says:

"If the Government had done the proper thing long ago; if it had taken over the water power at Great Falls, we could have had light, heat, and power in our public utilities and in our homes for what we now have just a little light."

There is something in what DR. WALLACE RADCLIFFE proposes. We have a meatless day, and most of us have experienced heatless days this fall; we also have a so-called wheatless day. Now Dr. Radcliffe suggests going the entire way and having an eatless day. That really would save something.

Right along with DR. RADCLIFFE'S eatless day, says LIEUT. MORTIMER D. EASTON, is the news that there will be a false teeth famine.

ALONZO TWEEDALE, auditor for the District, has received a letter from J. Calvin Yeatter, formerly a bookkeeper in the District building, informing Mr. Tweedale that he has been commissioned a first lieutenant. He is at Chattanooga.

Senator JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS of Illinois says the District of Columbia should be a State. Of course. It not only should have representation in Congress, but, like any other State, it should be allowed to make its own laws.

FRANK WAGNER, fire chief, says children and matches and mice and matches make two of the worst combinations a fire department has to deal with.

When CHAMP CLARK predicted a long term for the coming session of Congress he probably had in mind that a dozen members of the House have been in the trenches and will want to make war speeches every afternoon.

Added to the horrors of war comes the complaint of a young lady that she could not get any sugar in her chocolate at a well-known F street luncheon place.

Advocate of Childless Apartments

My Dear Sir:

From the standpoint of tenant in apartment house there IS another phase to the situation mentioned by you in your recent editorial.

I am a tenant in a large apartment house in the northwest, and have been kept awake for the past month by the baby next door. We are employed by the Government in capacities that require close application and concentration of thought, but after lying awake night after night, you can imagine how the lack of sleep will affect, not only our work, but our health as well.

As you know, people with children can see only their own side of the question, and get very ugly if anyone thinks there is another phase to it. From the owner's point of view I can understand why they would rather have tenants without children. All one has to do is to look at the worn-out yards, disheveled hedges, and general air of neglect in an apartment where there are children, to realize why nobody wants to be bothered with them.

J. C. BELTON.